FREE SOCIETY

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

VOL. VI. NO. 46 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1900. WHOLE NO. 286.

WHEN FREEDOM MOURNS.

When hordes with lance and sabre,
Spread desolation wide,
And bloody murder revels
Along the crimson tide.

When hungry famine follows
The devastating flame,
And tender children vainly call
A slaughtered father's name.

When homes are burned and plundered,
And widowed women weep,
Distorted lie the mangled dead
In their eternal sleep.

Then desolated Freedom mourns
Her immolated sons;
And lamentation mingles with
The echoes of the guns.

—Daniel Kerr.

A BATTLE FOR JUSTICE.

After years of patient endurance, toiling on and on for long hours far within the damp earth; systematically robbed and starved; the victims of a slavery more abject and intolerable than that to which any other class of labor is subject; all the pleasures of life renounced; without opportunity, without happiness, without respite, without hope; the outraged anthracite coal miners have at last decided to strike.

Whoever does not sympathize with their cause, must have the heart of a hyena, or of a Hanna, which is much the same thing. In the presence of the wretched facts, words become pitiably inadequate. The horrors of the mining region beggar description. Into the dark lives of the coal miners, scarcely a ray of light penetrates. From year to year, it is the same hideous routine, without prospect of improvement. The heartless greed of the mine owners is almost incredible, even in the present debauched state of human nature. Their one thought in life is to heap up their millions, by the slow murder of their employes. The cruelty and vileness of their methods would be wholly incredible, if not abundantly verified.

Think of it! The workers are starved and ground to death, that the idlers may fatten on their spoils. The robbers, whose lily-white fingers must by no means ever be sullied by anything so vulgar as work, who hold their stolen property by a mere paper title, sit in their palatial homes, surrounded by every luxury, and smile in soft contentment at the toil and the anguish of the men who produce the wealth that adorns these stately mansions. And the miners, stripped of the fruit of their own production, shiver in their rags, and grow daily fainter and more haggard from the insufficient food purchasable with their shrinking wages. Instead of palaces, their few workless hours must be spent in poor hovels, which it were the idlest mockery to call homes. I have seen huts, into which the poorest farmer would scruple to introduce a pig, for which he had any real regard. From month to month, conditions have been growing steadily worse. To escape from absolute starvation, the unhappy miners are now forced to initiate their children at the age of ten or twelve years into the horrible routine, from which death alone can set them free.

I feel myself unable to enter into the sickening details, even to the extent to which these have been allowed to leak out in the daily press. All who read the facts know that I have understated the case, rather than exaggerated it. Is it any marvel that conditions like these should madden men with blood in their veins? Is not the wonder rather that they have endured so long?

But even extremest submission has its limits. One hundred thousand miners have determined to resist at last. And what have they done? Turned on their oppressors, and slaughtered them, amid the ruins of their blazing palaces? Not so; the workers are more merciful than their exploiters, who are eagerly seeking a pretext to glut their lust for the blood of the men who made them rich. Seized the mines, to which their title, purchased by years of unremitting toil, was far clearer than the title of their masters? Oh no; the law is on the side of the thieves; and the miners are law-abiding citizens, steadily faithful to a government that hates them, and gives them as a prey to the spoiler. All that the wronged ones have done, after the endurance of outrages fit to turn men into wild beasts, is to lay down their tools, and refuse to take them up again, unless they can be allowed to work under fairer conditions.

That is all. No violence, even in circumstances sufficient to goad ordinary men into frenzy. In the day when social wrongs shall be righted, the superhuman forbearance of these men will be recorded as among the miracles of the commercial age. It is hardly in human nature that the persistent attempts of the mine owners to provoke an outbreak, so as to give their hired murderers work to do, and to satiate their greed for revenge on the workingmen who had the insolence to ask for some of the rights of human beings, should be altogether unsuccessful. Should the strike be greatly prolonged, no doubt there will be more or less bloodshed; but thus far the men have exhibited an extraordinary restraint.

On the other side, the usual tactics are in evidence There is "nothing to arbitrate"; and if possible the workingmen are to be crushed by brute force. The mine owners will not surrender a single dollar of the loot which they call profit, in order to enable human beings to possess a few more comforts than the pig, and to lead somewhat broader lives than the ox. Their sacred profits are of far more concern than the welfare of human flesh and blood. Pinkertons are imported by the hundreds, with the customary instructions to shoot, and shoot to kill, if they can possibly create opportunity to do so, on pretence of a riot. Our equal and just laws allow the wealthy to maintain private armies, and to murder workingmen with absolute impunity.

Every effort is made to fill the mines with the vermin known as scabs. Many, if not most of these, are brought into the mining regions under false pretences; and when they discover how they have been tricked, and try to leave, they are forced to work, at the point of the bayonet. This is called a free country; and yet these things are continually done. For the poor man, there is no redress. African slavery, bad as it was, never presented a worse spectacle. At all events, the wretch who cowered under the overseer's lash was not mocked by being constantly told that he was free. In Pittston, Pa., a superintendent seized and flogged a boy who was leaving the mine, to join his comrades. This was done in public; and not a man had courage enough to knock the burly brute down. The name of the scoundrel, Adam Harkness, should be noted for future reference.

What will be the result of the strike? Perhaps victory, probably defeat. Unfortunately, government-backed wealth is likely to be too strong for the workers. For humanity's sake, all honest men and women hope for their success. But what will victory mean to them? At most, they can expect only a slight amelioration of their condition; and the moment the bosses are strong enough, the old conditions will be reestablished. There is no permanence in such a triumph. As long as the workers do not receive the full value of all which they produce; as long as any non-producer, by virtue of a paper title, is able to extract a single dollar of profit from their labor; so long they are exploited and robbed. As long as government exists, exploitation will continue. Authority and capitalism are twin brothers. A free people will submit to no oppressors. Of all the social philosophies, Anarchy alone points the way to freedom. In it alone is the hope of the workers—the hope of the world.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

A READING COURSE FOR ANARCHISTS.

I think all of our comrades frequently have occasion to feel the gaps in their definite knowledge concerning the evidences which support Anarchistic theory. I wish to suggest, therefore, that we adopt a plan recently suggested by Isador Ladoff in the Social Democratic Herald, calling upon Socialists to form themselves into reading groups during the coming winter, and follow a regular outline of study,—an outline prepared with much apparent thought and beautifully systematized. Running my eye through the proposed studies (which include a careful analysis of the feudal system, village community, trade guilds, etc.,) I saw that many of the books referred to were, to my thinking more to our purpose than theirs; and I concluded to make this suggestion; and at the same time to ask our most learned and systematic thinker, C. L. James, to outline for us a regular order of subjects to be taken up seriatim, and to name the books we are to consult, specially indicating those chapters most necessary, and enumerating under separate head those works of less direct bearing, which readers having more time may also peruse.

I feel certain he will do this, and do it most ably. Meanwhile let us be forming classes, so that we may be ready to go ahead as soon as the first subject is announced.

Of course many who are not in the industrial centers will not be able to obtain all the books; but certainly in all the large cities there are free libraries enough so that a group of ten or twelve readers can always manage to have the required book.

Let us take up the work as quiet students, not as disputatious wranglers, and we shall get more solid information in a short space of time, than by the unmethodical argument too often indulged in at our meetings. Let us saturate ourselves with the facts concerning Anarchistic tendencies in society; then we may hope to convert others. VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

HOPES OR FEARS?

The dread of spending eternity in heaven with that Almighty God—I speak after the manner of church-members—who crushes the Boers, for praying to, and trusting in "Him"; destroyed Galveston, killing some 10 000 of "His" children, made in "His" image, church property, too, being special objects for destruction—"even the winds and the sea obey 'Him.'" And still worse, who sends "His" little images of eight years underground, to work in Pennsylvania coal mines for thirty cents a day, to help keep their families from starvation. "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts; every beast of the forest is mine and the cattle upon a thousand hills." And I guess the coal and oil, and sugar and iron also although the blessed book of fables does not list these. I say the fear of spending any number of years with such an "Almighty Father," is somewhat mitigated by the uncertainty of the leases to those heavenly mansions. This fact is illustrated by the eviction-proceedings instituted against "His" Satanic Maj-sty, and successfully carried through, thus arousing hopes of escape for others. KINGHORN JONES.

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Anarchy.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal: absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

NOTES.

We should like to issue a specially good number of Free Society, in commemoration of the martyrdom of our Chicago comrades. If enough extra copies are ordered, to cover the increased expenses, we will make it eight pages, with portraits of our comrades. We mention the matter thus early, that we may know what to count on. We will furnish copies at the rate of $1.50 a hundred. Send in orders at once.

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I am sorry to see that the author of "Life Without a Master" has decided to wear a Democratic collar, and is diligently whooping it up for Bryan. The extent to which he is stultifying himself by his present action is manifest to all who read the argument in his own book. It is sufficient to refer Wilson to Wilson, without further argument. "How are the mighty fallen!"

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All this fuss about the shirt-waist man is a mark of our low civilization. If we were anything more than a set of fashion-ruled dummies, there would be no controversy over dress. Each would wear what best suited him, without debate or impertinent criticism. And the restaurant or hotel, which had the insolence to prescribe to its customers what they should or should not wear, would speedily find itself without any customers to insult. Success, not merely to the shirt-waist man, but to all men and women, who seek to make their clothing conform to hygiene and comfort, and propose to wear what they please, without submitting to dictation from any source.

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CURRENT NEWS.

Almost every day records some fresh act of brutality on the part of the police of San Francisco, who are supposed to be the protectors of the people. A recent outrage was the arrest of a man, with his wife and daughter, on the charge of disturbing the peace. They were simply talking together on the street one night, and bothering nobody. The judge promptly discharged them the next morning, since they were guilty of no offence; but the shock of the outrage brought a serious and perhaps fatal attack of hysteria on the mother. Meanwhile, the burly police brute, whose name was George Douglass, escapes without so much as a reprimand, to continue his work of insulting and assaulting peaceable citizens; and anti-Anarchist papers continue to inform us that "civilization rests on the policeman."

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The hoodlums are again on deck in Mansfield, Ohio; and the officers of the law are, as usual, on the side of the ruffians. The mob and the officers together carried scoundrelism to the extent of brutally assaulting and driving out of town one man for preaching, and two for believing, a different creed from their own. I have no admiration for Dowie; but any decent man must admit that his doctrine has as much right to a hearing as any other—if the claim of religious freedom in this country were anything more than a lying pretence. But evidently decent men in Mansfield, O., are either non-existent, or in a very slim minority.

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The war in the Philippine Islands being long since over, the insurgents defeated the Americans in an engagement at Mavilac. Somebody should notify them that they are "pacified."

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The character of "our heroes" in China was admirably attested the other day, on the arrival of a transport in this country. She was found to be loaded with valuable goods stolen from Chinese cities. The American soldiers in China are a mere pack of vulgar thieves. If the Chinese invaded this country, and sacked the homes and churches after every victory, the world would be filled with a clamor of protest against such monstrous barbarism. But when the soldiers of our own and other Christian nations commit the vilest atrocities, their vandalism is greeted with praise and reward. This is civilization!

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The uninitiated find it hard to believe that it is still possible for sane persons to be incarcerated in asylums, in order to suit the whims of relatives. A fresh case of this sort is agitating the people of Stockton, Cal. Mary Fraser was forced into a madhouse by her father and brother, simply on account of some family quarrels. Dr. C. S. Sargent, one of the medical tools employed in the plot, admits that he knew her not to be insane, and in so doing, damns his own reputation forever, proving himself to be a dastardly villain. His paltry excuse is as follows:

"The elder Mr. Fraser is one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Stockton, and his son is a young attorney. Could I believe that they would misrepresent the habits of a member of their own family, and ask that they be given authority to confine her, if it were not for her own good?

"I knew that the girl was not insane; and I didn't believe she used drugs to excess, but I was convinced that her relatives spoke the truth, when they said they wanted to put her in an asylum to prevent her from carrying out an oft-repeated threat which, if accomplished, would have ruined her life.

"I was in a dilemma, and hardly knew what to do. I believe that the opinions of the other physicians were about the same as mine. It was wholly upon the statements of her father and brother, that I consented to the plan"

Could infamy go much farther? Is any man or woman to be shut up as mad, because some other person believes that he or she may do something unwise some time? Are "the wealthiest and most influential citizens" to possess a right fully equivalent to that of murder? The poor girl, against whom the diabolical plot was contrived and executed, is still a prisoner in the asylum; and it will be hard to get her out. Now call this a free country!

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So Dewey did not sink the Spanish wash-tubs after all! The Spanish themselves scuttled the rotten hulks, because they were in no fit condition for fighting or for manoeuvers. "You may now fire, Gridley," is no longer a historical phrase. Exit Dewey as a great naval hero. No flowers.

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The Labor Day parade in Spring Valley, Ill., was a success, due largely to the co-operation of our comrades. The only incident to mar the occasion was the unwarrantable attempt of an officious individual to force the furling of the red flag—the only flag which represents the rights of labor. Comrade Joe Corna has a stinging and effective letter on the subject in the local paper.

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There have been State elections in Maine, Vermont, and Arkansas; and the politicians are trying to use the returns from these States as a basis for predicting the results of the November contest. The seven minority parties, which are much stronger in many of the large pivotal States than in any of these three, and reserve all their strength for the November fight, may upset these calculations. I still think that McKinley will be re-elected. While Bryan will gain tens of thousands of votes from former Republicans, he will lose a host who voted for him four years ago, and are now supporting Debs or one of the other minority candidates. All the minority candidates draw from Bryan, except those of the Prohibition Party, which contains a few capitalists, and the little aggregation of liberty-hating freaks, known as the United Christian Party. There are also many who have become convinced of the futility of the ballot, and will refrain from voting altogether.

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It pays to be a bad poet and a servile flatterer in England. Alfred Austin has received a pension of $1000 a year. A single stanza from Henley, whom I class as the best of our living poets, will outweigh all that Austin has ever written.

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Our public ownership and some of our Socialist friends are forever holding up New Zealand as an ideal region. It evidently does not breed manhood and love of liberty, for all its Socialistic regime. J. Gratton Grey has been ousted from an official position, and practically driven out of the country, for telling the truth about British crimes in South Africa.

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We are sorry to note the suspension of Der arme Teufel, famous for years through the unique genius of Robert Reitzel. During his life, the paper always hewed close to the line, and was an influence not to be ignored in radical thought. During the last two years, it has been well conducted; but the place of the master spirit could not be filled. Peace to its memory!

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DISCORDS.

The San Francisco Examiner now undertakes to teach theology. A young German, who has not brains to think for himself, asks the Examiner for a ready-made answer, which will confute an atheistic friend. The editor's sole reply is to say that Bismarck believed in a God. Aye, to be sure, Bismarck! And who was Bismarck? A human monster, a liar, perjurer, forger, and wholesale murderer, one whose whole life was devoted to the gigantic crime of crimes, that of building up an absolute tyranny, and stamping out every vestige of liberty. No means to this end was too cruel or too vile to be employed. He was a man to be mated with Talleyrand and Metternich, and to be remembered only to be abhorred. And this man believed in a God, who would smile on his crimes, and reward him with an eternity of heaven for having done his utmost to produce a hell on earth. The editor of the Examiner may choose to worship the God of Galveston, as a magnified Bismarck; but he should offer some other testimony than that of a blood-stained criminal. Indeed, he does offer one further suggestion to his too confiding reader. He tells him to say to his friend: "Hans, you are only a human caterpillar, not a philosopher; and so don't bother me any more." To which the editor adds: "Calling him a caterpillar will annoy him and leave him without an answer."

This is a favorite theological method. First, demand a blind subjection to authority. Second, resort to insult and personal abuse. "He that hath an ear let him hear."

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Mayor Jones of Toledo, O., has heard the whip crack, and hastens to obey. He believes in non-partisan government, and yet falls in line with the Democratic machine. He is a Socialist, and will vote for Bryan, who is opposed to Socialism. He believes in a great principle, but is willing to be placated with palliatives. Like so many others, he has bartered away his conscience for a few loaves and fishes, and has lost the respect which his former record had won him, even on the part of those who differed most widely from him. His place is by the side of that other "Socialist" mayor, Pingree, who has announced his intention "to hold his nose, and vote for McKinley." But the Socialist who votes for McKinley or Bryan is not a whit more inconsistent than the believer in Anarchism who votes for the Socialist candidates. He too sells his convictions, for the sake of tramping with a bigger crowd. Treachery to principle does not pay in the long run.

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In order to keep his engagement in Montana, Governor Roosevelt's train will continue its journey Sunday; but there will positively be no speechmaking. This country from Mandan to Miles City is the country Governor Roosevelt used to roam with his cattle, and where many of his old cowboy friends still live, and where he was once a peace officer. Not only will there be no speaking; but the train will not be allowed to pass through any village, during the hour in which religious services are in progress.—Press Dispatch.

How religious Teddy has suddenly become! But the Christians still have a few votes; and toadyism is the best way to catch them. Indeed, I have had a sneaking suspicion that the principles of loot and murder, which the Rough Rider exalts as his ideal of Americanism, were not suitable for promulgation on Sunday—or any other day.

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What should we do without Ambrose Bierce? His accurate conception of the aim of social reformers is a marvel in so distinguished a scion of aristocracy. This week, he devotes himself to Howells, whose crime consists in having suggested that freedom is not the most conspicuous fruit of economic slavery. While Howells is undoubtedly inaccurate in his use of the term "self-sacrifice," the omniscient Bierce takes great pains to misunderstand the real principle involved. He may always be trusted to do so, when his loved capitalistic regime is assailed.

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A Chicago comrade sends a newspaper harangue of Priest Scanlan on Anarchy as illustrated by our Comrade Kleinman; and advises that a reply be made to it. In point of fact, there is little to reply to. The priest does not undertake to discuss the Anarchist philosophy, of which he is evidently altogether ignorant. He calmly assumes that Anarchy is a synonym for all

that is vicious, and is merely the product of hatred and discontent. Starting from this misapprehension, he points out very fairly some of the unjust and misery-breeding conditions of today, which may be expected to foster a bitterness of spirit. But he cannot forget that he is a priest, and hence compelled to ignore fact, history, and common sense, and posit religion as the sole cure. But he gives his case away, in admitting that the Christian education, which he demands, teaches that "all power and authority are from God." The priest's ideal is the man who will submit to every tyranny, and look on every usurper as a divine agent. Quite right; if all men believed this, there would be no Anarchists. There would also be no liberty and no manhood; and the aim of priestcraft, to bring about a state of uniform and abject physical, mental, and moral slavery, would be fully attained.

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AN ANARCHIST ABROAD.

I.

If anyone wishes to study society in its extremest class divisions, let him take a trip across the ocean on one of the new built steamers. There he will see how the very rich eat, drink, and amuse themselves; and again, how the poor, wretched people in the steerage spend their lives in this "valley of tears."

I sailed with the Auguste Victoria of the Hamburg American line for Hamburg, together with several hundred other passengers. There on the one hand, were the very rich people of the first class cabin, living in beautifully fixed-up rooms either on the very top of the deck or one floor underneath. Their smoking and dining rooms were all that the human eye could desire in beauty and comfort—actual palaces. Their luxurious parlor, with piano and rich paintings, could satisfy the most elegant lady full of whimsical fashionableness. Their waiters worked like galley slaves around them, running after them everywhere; and bowing and cringing before them *ad nauseam*. Their food was the best possible—all the best meats, poultry, game, etc. They had pastry, sweets, wines, and creams. They had music, string and brass, every day. The best place of the ship was theirs, of course; the foredeck and the uppermost berths, like the foremost and top-most places everywhere else, were occupied by plutocracy.

The second class cabin passengers, like the middle class everywhere else, occupied a medium position between the first class men and those underneath us—the steerage people. We were located on the back part of the steamer, but still on deck. Our rooms and berths were fair, but by far not as comfortable and luxurious as the others. The same was true of the food, the service, etc. We had band music only; but then the steerage had none whatever, and had to satisfy themselves with the strayed tunes that they would occasionally catch from above, just like crumbs from the rich man's table.

Those from the first class were free to go all over the ship—no lines or railings for them. But the second cabin people had only the afterdeck, and of course were free to go down among the steerage passengers. A railing separated the first and second class part of the deck.

Right on the first day of my boarding, after having partaken of a very good dinner aboard the steamship, I went down to see how the wretched voyageurs below were faring. Well, it is beyond the power of my pen to give you a faint idea of the heart-breaking scenes that presented themselves before my eyes. Here there was a thin, bloodless mother, with tears in her eyes, begging the cook for some warm water for the poor infant in her arms. And the strong-hearted fellow only laughing at the audacity of the woman who asked something for nothing. I tried to argue with him, but in vain; he said that such is the order from his superior, not to give these people anything at all between meals. And so the half-starved babe would have to be satisfied with the order, and suffer hunger and thirst until six o'clock in the evening. A tip of a few cents naturally and very quickly did away with the order; and the wretched mother was made happy. I told the cook he should treat all the people well during the trip, and he would be taken proper care of; and everything went along fairly well subsequently.

But you ought to have seen what a struggle there was going on among these little vaga-ruffians, when some rich lady amused her charitable instincts by throwing down some sweet morsel or a fruit, from on high! Why, the children actually rolled one on top of the other in order, to get it. And how those full ones on top laughed and giggled! How amusing it was for them, standing above to see how the dirty little ones fight for the crumbs below. I then thought of Hugo's "*Le Roi S'amuse.*" You could also see some knitted brow of a suffering father drop very strongly, at the sight of his child struggling for a crumb by his side.

And the overwhelming stench there! It actually took my breath away, every time I went down. There on the dirty floor lay men, women and children, of all races and nationalities, huddled together in one ragged human lump, shivering from cold, hunger written on their faces, and despair in many an eye. No laughter, no conversing, no music but that of the feeble cries of the rickety babies. Never have I seen such a horrible mass of suffering haggard humanity; and everlasting will be its impression on me. There were the three classes in their extremest divisions: all in one house, so to say, and nothing above, below, or around them, but the same clouds and the same waters; the same sun was shining for us all, and still how different our lives were; how different the air below from the air above the deck; how different the hopes, the aims and the aspirations of the various voyageurs of the one and the same ship!

In case of danger, you, of course, know well of whom the captain would think first: of the lives of the idle millionaires above, or of the really useful and indispensable lives of the poor slave coal-miners below deck.

On the ninth day, we reached Cuxhaven. Here those from the first and second cabins were transferred with joyous music aboard a little steamer, by which we reached the train at Cuxhaven in a few minutes. But the steerage passengers were not allowed to get off the big steamer at all, and came to Hamburg a number of hours later. No music accompanied them—they doubtless had plenty of it in their brains, in their tortured souls, filled with the sweetest tunes of misery and anxiety for the morrow's existence.

Berlin, September 3, 1900. M. A. Cohn.

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SCIENCE VS. ROME.

A law which requires children to attend the public schools, is "invasive," no doubt. A law requiring them to be vaccinated, *if they do attend*, is as reasonable as any law—which, to be sure, is no great praise. The Movement in Favor of Ignorance is obeying the "law" of its own nature, and shooting wild, as usual.

This reminds me of a story. Dr. Livingstone, who was a physician, once attempted to convince an African rain-maker that rain-making was humbug. The rain-maker said: "You give patients medicine, according to what your ancestors taught you; and I make rain according to what mine taught me. Sometimes the rain comes, sometimes it does not; sometimes your patient lives, and sometimes he dies. What is the difference between us?"

Dr. Livingstone replied: "I see the effects of my medicine, whether the patient lives or dies; and, knowing what they are, I can reason from his symptoms, that such a kind of medicine is likely to benefit him. Can you show that your smoke and incantations have any effect upon the weather at all?"

It should be tolerably evident that the man who sneers at physiology because e. g. vaccination does not always prevent small-pox, reasons exactly like the rain-maker. His argument amounts to this: "I am a humbug, of course,—you're another." I reason like Livingstone, when I reply, in the name of physiologists. "We are not humbugs. It never was the practice of the regular school, or of any physicians, except blatant quacks who belong to no school at all, to say that any remedy was infallible. We say, and offer experiment in proof of it, that the methods employed by us as remedies produce certain definite effects, from which it may, with more or less confidence, be inferred that one or another is likely to do good in a given case. Science is modest. Above all other things, the scientist knows how very much there is he don't know. Ever since Socrates laid the foundation of wisdom, this has been considered the corner-stone. For proof that our methods actually contribute to the superstructure—that we do not merely follow the tradition of our ancestors, but have learned something since their time—we appeal to the bills of mortality, the statistics of epidemics where recent remedies have been tried, as compared with those where they have not; above all, the percentages of death following operations since the rise of bacteriology, a branch of science whose first step was inoculation, and its invariable method vivisection. That we cannot always save our patients, is a very sad thing. If you can show us how, we will adopt your method directly. But we are not much encouraged to hope that, by statistical evidence of success in those who really do claim infallibility and discard experiment—the exorcist, the Christian 'scientist,' the natural bone-setter, the Indian doctor, the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son. They practice, as they reason, like the rain-maker. Their methods are dogmatical and unprogressive; and they are so, simply because they are not experimental. We fail to see evidence that holy groans have any effect on broken bones. Surely, it cannot be disputed that the revelations of vivisection have."

It might perhaps be said that the self-taught hygienist is unfairly treated in being classed with the natural bone-setter or the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son. Well, I admit there is a difference; but what is the self-taught hygienist, when, not content with going his own way, which is certainly within his rights, he sets up as a rival to the qualified physician? He is a half-educated plagiarist—a school-boy on the second form, making himself absurd by assuming to teach the teacher. All he knows, he got out of popular recensions of works by the regular physicians. If he will read the originals, he will find it all there, and a lot more—exceptions and qualifications which he knows nothing about. He knows, e. g. that a maladorous pig-stye is a dangerous neighbor. (It was the regular physicians who found that out.) He does not know, what they could teach him, that filth, though a good manure of germs of cholera and typhoid, can no more produce these diseases without their germs, than it can produce wheat where none was sown; while, just as wheat may grow without manure, so the germs of cholera or typhoid may lurk in water which to an uninstructed eye and nose would seem quite pure.

Not being, as I have stated, a physician, I have no interest in defending physicians against a style of attack which after all is too feeble and foolish to be taken gravely—from the scientific point of view. What I do feel an interest in, is preserving Liberalism from being ever so partially identified with the Movement in Favor of Ignorance. The Movement in Favor of Ignorance is a movement far too extensive and well directed not to have high intelligence behind it. Its originators and promoters are not themselves ignorant at all. Those they make use of are. The former have all those great qualities which belong to the generals and statesmen,—the destroyers and enslavers of mankind. Their tools, like those of generals and statesmen, are deluded by childish emblems and idle cries. The headquarters of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance are at the Vatican. The stings permeate the Protestant churches, which in a measure share the Vatican's hatred of knowledge. But the impulse, which sets all the puppets dancing, comes from Rome. Of course, they do not know that. You bet, Cardinal Manning did. So long as the Movement in Favor of Ignorance confined itself to churchly methods, such as those of Tony Comstock and of Brother Jasper, it showed its colors almost too much to be very mischievous. A far more serious thing is that, under the pretence of kindness to animals, or because physicians often share with most other people a foolish reliance on the legislature, some liberals can be induced to aid Rome against science. When an Anarchist publishes such statements as that there were slaves in England under Charles I, and that Harvey vivisected them, the pope sings his doxology; while our ancient and orthodox acquaintance, the Scarlet Lady, begins to dance the can-can.

C. L. James.

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No man is free, who enslaves another; no man is worthy of freedom, who allows himself to be enslaved.

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Literature.

The Education of the Feminine Will. By Mlle. Harlor. New York, N. Y.: The Tucker Publishing Co. Price 3 cents. For sale by Free Society.

An excellent little brochure, pointing out the wide difference in standpoint between male and female education at the present day. It contains a splendid plea for the recognition of the full individuality of woman, and for the emancipation of the human will.

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In New York.

Comrade M. Maisel, 170 Henry St., has a very important plan for the purpose of raising money for Free Society. He would like at once to hear from other New York comrades, who can help him in carrying it out.

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The number printed on the wrapper of your paper shows that your subscription has been paid up to that number.

A FAIR QUESTION.

"In His Steps, What Would Jesus Do?" is the title of a little book, authorized by Charles M. Sheldon.

It is a most striking little work; and it is a shame in my mind that a man with such love and sympathy for the elevation of the lowest, and for the common good for all, should not dare to apply the same question to all matters of consideration.

Mr. Sheldon has through his little book pictured the real life and strife as it now exists, and the ideal as he would like to have it. He has renovated the churches of their hypocrites and wealth. He has elevated the daily press from an educator of vice and crime to a most noble and scientific instructor. He has touched upon the labor question, and the management of great industries. In fact, in the question: "What would Jesus do? he has shown his Jesus as an ideal, a lover of human welfare, and determined to do all possible good, no matter what it cost, and no matter what the result may be The God that "Israel" knew, lived in the ark, and was glorified in the meat of the lamb and blood of the ox. The Jesus that came after him, stayed only a short time, and prepared a salvation for only a privileged class; while the great masses from that day to this, have in ignorance of their Savior been swept into eternal hell fire. Sheldon's Jesus would certainly have gone "slumming" around all the "rectangles," from that day to this; so when the "roll is called up yonder," every name could have been recognized from Adam to the last soul to ascend.

Now for the question: If Mr. Sheldon had been in God's place, after making the earth and seeing that it was all good, and then considering the tree of "death," with its treasure of death, crime, misery, strife, poverty, murder and degradation, would he have asked: "What Would Jesus do?"

"Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire "—Matth. vii, 19.

JOHN GANSTAD.

CAN ROCHDALERS ANSWER THIS?

The Rochdale movement in England has met with much success *as a movement;* still it is only a profit sharing business scheme, and as such intensifies business competition. It drives the small dealer out of business, thus compelling him to join the army of wage workers. The share holders of the movement reap a dividend, which cannot more than compensate for the lower wages or loss of time consequent upon the addition to their ranks. No system of competition can teach freedom.

O A. RICE.

CHORDS.

"Hello, Mr. Farmer! What are you doing?"

"Digging potatoes."

"Have you any to sell?"

"No."

"What are you doing with them?"

"I sort them in four piles."

"What do you do with them?"

"The big piles of fine potatoes you see over there I give to the landlord as land rent for the privilege of living on the earth; next to the biggest pile I give to the money lord as interest, for the privilege of using the tools that some other workingman made; the third pile I give to the politicians as tax; and the little ones I give to the hogs, and what the hogs don't eat, I eat myself. So you see between the landlord, the money lord, the politicians, and the other hogs, I get my living."

"But what do you do with the hogs?"

"I give them to the railroad company, for hauling the big potatoes to the land and money lords."—Exchange.

A convention is a large body of men, who spend a few days in a hot city and foul atmosphere, to undo what they promised their constituents they would do, if sent there. A place where a few designing men make it impossible for a man to vote as his best judgment dictates —Pueblo Courier.

Wonder if the difficulties between the miners and mine owners of Pennsylvania is another evidence that the interests of the masters and their slaves are identical? These "brothers" will fall out once in a while. But then that is human nature.—The Toiler.

The Republican version of the Declaration of Independence excludes the brown man, the Democratic version, the black. By and by they will get together, and fix it up so as to shut out the white man, more especially the sort that works for wages.—Worker's Call.

As the trust millionaires are expected to cough up, in order to whoop up the cause, the operation may be said to come under the head of whooping cough.—Philadelphia Times.

Tommy—Papa, if Mr. Roosevelt had been born a Chinaman, do you t ink he would be a Boxer?

Papa—Hush, my son! Your question is a blow at the administration.—National Democrat.

If one generation could own and transfer the land, in such a way as to ignore the rights of the unborn to its use, which generation was that?—Cleveland Citizen.

Even if the trusts are to be given control of Porto Rico, as a Washington dispatch asserts, nobody need feel much agitated. The Porto Ricans may as well learn at once what is to be an American citizen.—San Francisco Examiner.

Shall American manhood submit to the lash in the hands of the wealth which labor has created?—Vineland Independent.

Who can compute what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid character, who dare not follow out any bold, vigorous, independent train of thought lest it should land them in something which would admit of being considered irreligious or immoral? . . . No one can be a great thinker who does not recognize that as a thinker, it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead.—J. S. Mills.

The Letter-Box.

M. M., New York, N. Y.—We felt keenly the loss of Comrade Edelmann to the movement, and expressed our sorrow at his death in earnest terms But we did not have the facts on hand to write an extended biographical sketch; and none of the comrades took the trouble to send us the slightest information. We should have been glad to publish any article sent us by any of the comrades who knew the facts.

J B, Reardan, Wash.—Half freedom is no freedom at all. The sex question belongs to the Anarchist propaganda, and cannot be ignored. Slave mothers will bear slave children. Many persons have become Anarchists, on account of the sex question.

J. M. S., Shelby, Mich.—We do not drop the names of faithful comrades, on account of poverty. It is those that can pay, and neglect to do so, who are the "dead wood" that make it hard for us to meet expenses. We shall not drop your name, unless you tell us that you think Free Society is "no good." See?

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For Pennsylvania.

All comrades of Western Pennsylvania who are anxious to distribute Free Society and Freiheit among their acquaintances, can receive them free from the undersigned by request.

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